I remember seeing the directions for operating the remote that Adam had written on a "post-it" note and taped to the front of the TV for Pierre to use. He'd also put a note in the common log warning Babs not to shut it off at night when she did her endless, nocturnal rounds. It was Pierre's only pleasure. Turning it off was Babs's. Babs read the note, and locked the remote control in the cabinet.

The purpose of the meeting was to decide what if anything could be done to enable Pierre to stay. Otherwise he'd end up back in the asylum or, after they totally gave up on him, in an old age home from which he wouldn't even be able to run away. The manager asked me to attend because, she said, I was their best note-taker. I believe that was an understatement.

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Caspar was fucked-up. He was an Italian émigré with an anger management problem. He acted younger than he looked, but he looked sixty. He had worked out a lot when he wanted to be a cop but now his six-foot frame was getting fat. He had been a security guard and approached support work the same way. He considered himself an "Alpha Male." His bad temper and physical aggressiveness might have been assets back in Sicily. They would have helped him to quell similarly endowed countrymen. They were a liability with clients.